



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KIND WORDS.

1419

f. 801



600102184M

1419.4





1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27





THE IRISH BOY AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

(See page 29.)

# K I N D   W O R D S

FOR HIS

YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

---

WOULD YOU BE HAPPY ALL DAY LONG?  
PURSUE THE RIGHT, ABHOR THE WRONG.

---

LONDON:  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;  
AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.  
1842.

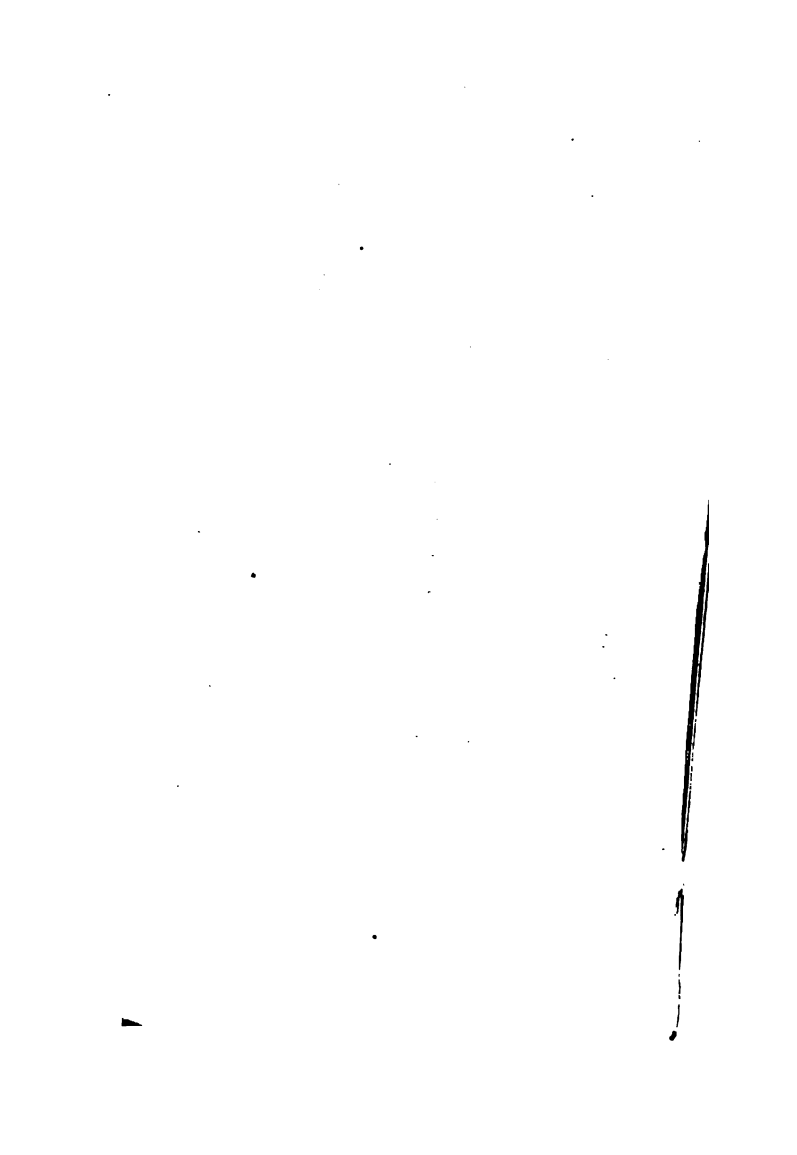


LONDON:  
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
UNCLE WILLIAM . . . . .	7
HOME AFFECTION . . . . .	19
PRIDE OF DRESS . . . . .	34
TRY . . . . .	42
GOOD TEMPER . . . . .	49
GREAT DOINGS . . . . .	57
CLEANLINESS . . . . .	67
ADVANTAGES OVER OTHERS . . . . .	76
PLAY . . . . .	84
RIGHT WORDS . . . . .	94
ATTENTION TO OTHERS . . . . .	101



## UNCLE WILLIAM.

---

Do you know Uncle William? He bears that name not only amidst a large group of nephews and nieces, but amongst many who cherish the affection which he has inspired, without such relationship. His title becomes him as well as does that of many an Aunt Catherine, or aunts in similar circumstances; whom to know is to love.

If, then, you know Uncle William, how many pleasant thoughts will arise in your mind at the mention of his name! You will at once recall his happy looks; think, perhaps, of the time when he first placed his hand on your head; seem to hear the tones of gentleness and kindness in which he always speaks; and dwell, it may be, on some of the valuable things he has said to you. I am not surprised at all this; it would indeed be strange—very strange, were it otherwise.

If you do not know Uncle William, it is desirable that I should tell you something about him. He cannot describe himself, and therefore I ask you to accept the present sketch from the hand of a friend. I want you to be interested in him, though you cannot look up in his cheerful face, stand by his side, or put your arm round his neck. Could this be done, what a treat you would have! You would hear much that you have not heard before; and if anything was not quite new, it would have a freshness from the pleasing manner in which it was told. If he laughed, you would laugh as heartily as ever you did; if he were grave, your countenance would become so too; and, perhaps, as he told some touching tale, or gave some kind rebuke, the tears would gush into your eyes, and fall rapidly down your cheeks. But, however this might be, if you were not wiser and better for what you heard, whose fault would it be? Certainly not Uncle William's.

Could the years be rolled back—but they cannot—you would like him for a playfellow. When a child, he was not demure and sly, or noisy and violent, or meddling and mis-

chievous, he was not one who must have it all his own way, or else prevent others from playing; or, if he could not do this, one who would leave them crying or sulking. Nor if any one touched him with a finger or a straw, did he cry out as if his arm were broken. No, he knew better than the children who do all this, and he acted as if he did. The chief quality that marked him then, as it has done ever since, was kindness. This prevented many evils, and was the spring of many benefits; not to himself alone, but to all his companions.

When a child, too, he was fond of reading; not that he hurried through many books, as people now go along a railroad, without gathering knowledge by the way. He could, when asked, tell much about what he read; and it was his custom always to finish one book before he began another. There was one book, however, which he early learned to prize above all others; it was his Bible, the holy book of God. He read it with the feelings with which he would have listened, if the voice of the Most High had addressed him. At such times he was like Samuel, when he said, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant

heareth." He obeyed the charge, "M<sup>y</sup> give me thine heart." He trusted in the Saviour; and taught by that Holy S<sup>pirit</sup> who is promised to all who ask his infl<sup>uence</sup> in sincerity and truth, he became truly

With true piety, moreover, he u<sup>sed</sup> constant activity. It was observed, William, from his childhood, loved to t<sup>alk</sup> things. Unless something required hi<sup>m</sup> to hasten, and then he never tarried, he w<sup>ould</sup> stop to look at a strange plant, or inse<sup>ct</sup> bird, that he met with in his path, and to learn something about it on his re<sup>turn</sup>. He owed much of his knowledge to his parents; but they would not have told many things they did, had it not been f<sup>or</sup> his own inquiries. He imitated the eminent who being asked how he came to kno<sup>w</sup> much, replied, "By never being ashamed to show my ignorance by asking questions of those who could teach me."

As William knew that his spade w<sup>ould</sup> dig, his pen to write, and his knife to cut, so he was aware that he had a mind to t<sup>hink</sup> and he used it, therefore, for its proper purpose. He would just as soon have re<sup>frained</sup> from digging without his spade, or w<sup>ritten</sup>

without his pen, as of doing anything without using his mind. To the habit of thinking, indeed, he was chiefly indebted for the knowledge he had derived from various sources. Without this, his mind would have been like the miller's sieve, letting through the flour, and only keeping back the bran; but with it, his stores were constantly on the increase. He was, in fact, always doing something; and it was his aim to do what was useful, and also to do it well. His conduct at home was therefore pleasing; at school he gained the chief prizes; and wherever he was a visitor, his friends were reluctant to part with him, and often expressed their wishes that he would soon come again.

Many years have since passed away, and the boy has long ago become a man. The slender shoot has grown to a tree—a tree of no common fruitfulness. The mind, so diligently cultured, is able to do at once, and with ease, what many find difficult, attempt again and again with great effort, or give up as quite impossible. The extent and variety of knowledge acquired from year to year by a diligent student is indeed surprising.



Uncle William's knowledge enables him daily to gather more. He has studied plants, and hence every field, bank, or hedge, suggests something new, or reveals and renders more lasting in remembrance what is already known. He has studied insects, birds, and quadrupeds; and so, as he looks on their movements, his acquaintance with these animated tribes is enlarged. He has studied the air, the light, and the heavens; and the morning or the evening walk affords him, therefore, a peculiar interest, unknown to others of different habits.

Another trait of character deserves to be noticed. A flint yields a spark when it is forcibly struck. A sponge may hold a valuable liquid; but to yield it, it must be pressed: but these are unlike Uncle William. As the honey flows from the comb, so all he can do is freely offered for the benefit of others. It is delightful to see him in the midst of a youthful group. One little creature is seated on his knee; others who are older gather around; "big sisters and brothers," as they are sometimes called, increase the party; and fathers and mothers have often been observed to stand within hearing, picking up, doubtless,



LOVE-PARROTS.



what deserved to be remembered. Few, perhaps, are so well prepared to meet that oft-repeated request: "Do, if you please, tell me a story." Uncle William, however, likes those stories best which teach something. When he tells one, he would have it contain some valuable lesson, as a nut is inclosed in a shell, or as a jewel is shut up in a casket. He knows full well that when Solomon would correct indolence, he said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;" and that our Lord directed his disciples to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, when he would urge them to trust in the providence of our heavenly Father. In such circumstances, then, he often finds an example, and many a lesson does he teach from the various objects around.

I have overheard him urging on the young, a tender affection for one another, as he has pointed out to them a pair of love-parrots, so remarkable for this feeling; and sometimes a story of Uncle William's comes, as people say, "very pat." To give an instance of this: Henry—I need not mention his other name—was asked one day to fetch his sister from a friend's, and he did not look very well

pleased. Uncle William saw the expression of his countenance, and taking him into the garden, told him the following story :—

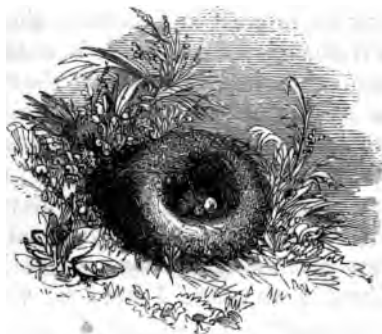
A dog, named Frank, had become very much attached to the female part of a family, and particularly to the children. One of them, a little girl, about six years of age, attended a school at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and hither the dog accompanied her every morning, as well as at noon; always returning home as soon as he had conducted his charge safely to the house. After a short time, however, he was not content with guarding the little girl to school, but he began also to escort her home. Twelve o'clock was the time at which the children left school for the purpose of returning to dinner; and a few minutes before the appointed hour Frank trotted off, with his tail raised, and at length, placing himself in front of the school, patiently waited the coming out of the little throng. As soon as they appeared, he eagerly selected the object of his care, and guarded her home with the greatest attention. At five o'clock in the afternoon he took exactly the same course.

How this sagacious and affectionate crea-

ture contrived to be so punctual, it is difficult to say. Frank always proceeded a few yards in advance, but if any person or animal appeared, from whom he feared danger, he came close to the child, and forbade a near approach. He was especially suspicious of a beggar, or any mean or fierce-looking person.

"Surely," added Uncle William, "this dog was superior to the ill-natured children who refuse to help, or assist with reluctance, a brother or a sister!" I shall not describe Henry's feelings as he heard all this; it is enough to say he was off in an instant, as if his old friend Edward had just pitched the wickets for a game at cricket in the next field. Anxious to interest and impress the mind, Uncle William is as fond of verses as of stories. He knows that the sound helps to the remembrance of the sense; and when he cannot find what is adapted to his design, he supplies the deficiency in his own way. But of his verses and stories you will now have some specimens. For, not long ago, Uncle William was sitting in a room, where he has often been, and where I hope he will still frequently be found, talking to several of his young friends of a very interesting volume

he had just been reading. All agreed with him in opinion from what they had heard, when a sudden thought of one of the party was as quickly uttered: "Oh, how I wish that Uncle William would write a book!" "And I," "And I," went round the whole circle. Uncle William did not reply except by a smile. Time rolled on, however, and at length a packet came into my hands, on which was the inscription, "Kind Words for his Young Friends." These are now presented to the reader, with many desires that they may be as much profited as pleased by the perusal of the volume.



## HOME AFFECTION.

---

" I will love them all dearly, for though I may find  
A companion or friend in another ;  
Yet where can I meet with a father so kind—  
A mother, a sister, a brother ?  
So I'll love them all dearly, and each one shall see,  
How highly they all are regarded by me."

THE words thus employed for a motto, are expressive of feelings which ought to be cherished universally by the young. Where this is done, there will be much amiableness and happiness ; and where opposite feelings are fostered, there will be much that is painful to those who judge rightly, and to the inhabitants of so disturbed a dwelling. May you, my young friends, escape in this respect all that is evil, and highly enjoy all that is " lovely and of good report."



Margaret Davidson, a very interesting young person, who lately died in America was strongly attached to home. Her family lived for some time at Champlain, in that country, but from the illness of her mother they removed to Canada. The climate of that part, however, did Mrs. Davidson no good; she continued a helpless invalid, confined to her bed for eighteen months, during which time little Margaret was her constant companion and attendant. They afterwards proceeded to New York, and while there, Margaret, who was then about nine years old, expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac, in the following pretty lines:—

“ I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,  
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair,  
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,  
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.  
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,  
Where I sported, a babe without sorrow or fear :  
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,  
For a peep at my home on this pure summer-day.  
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,  
But the love of my home, oh, 'tis tenderer yet!  
There a sister reposes unconscious in death—  
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded her breath;

A father I love is away from me now—  
Oh, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,  
Or smooth the grey locks, to my fond heart so dear,  
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!  
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,  
But my own darling *home*, it is dearer than all."

A new home was afterwards found; but even there Margaret thus regretted the wilder scenery of her native place, Champlain:—

"Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,  
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,  
Reflect each bending tree so light,  
Upon thy bounding bosom bright:  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"The little isles that deck thy breast,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest—  
How often, in my childish glee,  
I've sported round them bright and free!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"How oft I've watched the freshening shower  
Bending the summer tree and flower,  
And felt my little heart beat high  
As the bright rainbow graced the sky!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"And shall I never see thee more,  
My native lake, my much-loved shore?

his knees in the presence of his servants, to ask his father's blessing. He had learned—and often should a child think of this—that even a father would be unable to describe the love for his offspring which is cherished in a father's bosom.

Yet there is, if possible, a love still more tender. Where is there the first gleam of an infant mind? It is in its smile—a smile of which its mother is the object, for it knows its mother before it knows itself. And here what tributes might I gather from the lives of eminent persons to a mother's love! I might not only form many beautiful flowers into a garland in its honour, but weave many such garlands. At present we can only look at one of these flowers here and there. Lord Bacon, a man of great rank, learning, and ability, thus displays his filial affection in his will:—"For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's church, near St. Albans: there was my mother buried." Bishop Jewel had the name of his mother engraved on a signet. Hooker, a very celebrated writer, used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would strive earnestly to be so

for the sake of my aged mother, that I may requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy." Gray, the poet, thirteen years after the death of his own mother, wrote to his friend Nicholls in the following terms:—"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire, on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me she was recovered, otherwise I had then written to you to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's own life, one can never have any more than a single mother." Cowper, who stands so high as a Christian poet, refers, with similar feelings, to the same relation, when he had received from his cousin his mother's picture; and among other lines, equally affecting, says:—

" 'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession! but the record fair  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy winning bounties, ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks  
That humour interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
And still to be so till my latest age."

Of Sir Walter Scott, it is said by his son-in-law, who wrote his life:—"On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had previously been so placed there, that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room ; the silver paper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee ; a row of small packets, inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her ; and more things of the like sort, recalling 'the old familiar faces.'" And it is related of Lady Flora Hastings, that when life was ebbing fast away, she stretched out her hand, saying, "Lord, I am coming ;"

but with her latest breath she uttered the tender word, "Mother!"

George Washington, of whom you will read much in the history of America, when a youth, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; the vessel lay opposite his father's house; the little boat had come on shore to take him off; and his whole heart was bent on going. His trunk was carried down to the boat, and he went to bid his mother farewell. She said nothing to him, but he saw the tears bursting from her eyes, and he feared she might not be happy again. Immediately he turned round to the servant, and said, "Go, and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother, struck with his decision, replied, "George! God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless *you*."

The conduct of this youth would have been pleasing, if he had cared but little about the service on which he was about to enter; it was especially so, when his whole mind was intent on going to sea. As a strong rope or chain can only be broken by

greater strength, so the ardent affection he bore to his mother appears in the readiness with which he gave up his own desires. His mother presented him on this occasion with a knife, which is now preserved in the museum of Alexandria, in the United States,—an interesting memorial of his filial regard.

I have often thought, when I have witnessed the want or the delay of prompt and kind attention to a parent's wishes—and I have noticed it, and been pained by it, when some of my young friends have supposed that Uncle William did not observe it at all—I say I have often thought how they were rebuked not only by such instances as these, but by many of the young whose advantages are much fewer than their own. I will mention a case of this kind. A poor widow had lost all her children but one, and he, poor fellow, was almost an idiot. Jack, as he was called, was tall, and he had fine features, but it was said they were only capable of expressing his helpless affection. Most touching, indeed, were his love and tenderness to his mother. “They call my boy a fool,” she would say; “but his folly is sweeter to me than all the wisdom of the

world." Troubles increased upon her; she became blind; she was turned out of her wayside hut, because she could not pay the rent of a few shillings required for it, and the blind widow was led for alms from house to house by her idiot son. She might thus be observed standing meekly before a window, her white hair combed carefully back from her high, wrinkled forehead, her hands crossed upon her chequered apron; and if the rain fell, or the sun shone, Jack was busy with her hood, which he would immediately draw over her head. Whatever was bestowed on him, he instantly gave to his mother; nothing was reserved for himself; though he would pick up the crumbs of bread or potatoe she dropped while eating. If she had not forced him to take food, it is said he would have starved himself to death. When she died, it was piteous to see him so lonely and desolate during the few weeks he survived her, and after fading gradually, he was found dead on her humble grave!

In connexion with such facts as these, it should be constantly remembered, that no duty is more pleasant than that of filial affection, and that there is none the neglect




of which is more heavily punished. Under the law of Moses, a disobedient son was to be stoned to death; and all who resembled him, though not thus visited now, are exposed to the displeasure of the Almighty. An apostle has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Let these words be written, then, on the fleshly tables of the heart. And never let it be forgotten, that when our Lord and Saviour hung upon the cross—a sacrifice for the sins of men—he thought with the tenderest affection of his surviving parent. Mark the words of the inspired evangelist: "When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." John xix. 26, 27.

Affection, when rightly cherished for parents, will pervade the whole domestic *circle*. *I have witnessed many instances of*

the tender affection of sisters for one another, and also of their active and ardent love for their brothers. Brothers are often, unhappily, not so well agreed among themselves. And yet it ought to be otherwise. Among instances of strong affection, which are happily not wanting, the following is one of a truly interesting character. Seven young men had to walk, in the very depth of winter, one hundred and thirty miles. As they proceeded, they were suddenly overtaken by one of the snow-storms which are common in the mountains of Scotland. The night, too, began to close in around them, and the violence of the wind increased, while thicker and faster fell the flakes of snow. At last, bewildered by the darkness, which was rendered more dismal by the incessant snow-drift, they strayed from the right path, and their strength was exhausted. They could just see one another, but the storm was so violent that they could not converse. Thus struggling onward, and scarcely knowing where they went, one of them sank in a hollow of the rock, and was buried, and the others passed on, unconscious of his loss.

In the party were two brothers of the



name of Forsythe; and soon after the younger of them also dropped down, being quite spent. His body lay in the pathway of the rest, but in their state of exhaustion they, with one exception, passed on without affording him any help. This was the elder Forsythe, who, knowing that his brother was in the party, stooped on coming up to him, and felt his face. Assured it was his own brother, he took him up, and placed him on his back.

The number of the party was now rapidly diminished; one after another perished, being frozen to death. Still Forsythe went on, as long as he had any strength; but at length his powers also gave way; he sank beneath the weight of his burden, and immediately expired. It appears, however, that his younger brother had already been gradually restored by his brother's warmth, and was thus enabled to reach home, by his generous sacrifice of himself.

Here, then, my young friends, are several of Uncle William's true stories; he tells them not merely to amuse you, but in the hope that they will be of real use. Do you say, "How can they be so?" I will answer

the inquiry. Have you disobeyed one or both of your parents to-day? Have you shown unkindness to a brother or a sister? Now, think on what you have read. Let it humble you. Let it lead to the acknowledgment of your sin before God. Let it urge you to seek pardon through the precious blood of Christ. Let it constrain you to implore grace to preserve you from doing so again. Have you not done wrong of late in these respects? Then, whenever you are tempted to do so, say, "No, I will not; how can I, when I remember Uncle William's kind words on Home Affection?"



## PRIDE OF DRESS.

---

“ Should I not be smart in such gay garments dress'd ?  
And then to be noticed, admired, and caress'd,  
Oh, that would be pleasant ; how often I've heard  
That feathers, when fine, will make a fine bird.”  
Stop, stop, my young friend, when folks are so fine,  
And think far beyond all their neighbours to shine,  
The wise will conclude, amidst every pretence,  
That such people are sadly wanting in sense.  
*Plain* clothes may a person of great worth adorn,  
And *fine* clothes another, deserving of scorn.

Now, for another story. When I was in Switzerland, I observed a singular practice. A beautiful race of cows is reared among the mountains of that interesting country, and the most trusty of them are adorned with bells. This is done that the sound may keep the herd together, and direct the herdsman to the place where they are pasturing.

The owner of these cows has much pleasure in them. He has various sets of bells,



COWS OF SWITZERLAND.



and on certain occasions the favourite cow has the finest and largest bell, and also the gayest trappings. Others have smaller bells and collars less ornamented, unless they reach the point at which no distinction is made. Strange as it may seem, to deprive the cows of their usual decorations is severely to punish them. They feel it grievously, and in this state utter piteous lowings.

On certain days a kind of procession takes place. The herdsman leads the van, and next in order comes the favourite cow, leading the herd, ornamented with her tinkling bells and gay apparel. Should another, from any cause, be made to take her place, she shows her vexation by continual lowings, refuses food, and attacks the one that bears her honours.

One cow that had long been thus honoured, was, on one occasion, thought too weak to take her usual place, and even the common bell was thought too heavy for her. The procession moved on, but she did not share in the general joy. After a few steps she faltered in her pace; the attendants tried to coax her on, but in vain; she stopped and laid down, as if to die. An old herdsman



soon guessed the cause. He brought from the house a bell and collar, such as the cow had often been used to bear; and no sooner did she feel them on her neck, than she rose from the ground, bounded gaily, took her place in the van, and was at once quite well.

What the exact feeling of this animal was it is difficult to determine. If it was a love of finery, it was one constantly discoverable among those gifted with reason, but always showing that reason is not allowed to act as it ought. Look, for instance, at the noble figures, whose dark skins prove that they belong to an African tribe, as they roam in their native wilds. That young chief is begrimed from head to foot with red paint, and his wife has her hair all matted together with grease, while around her neck is a necklace formed of the entrails of animals; and yet, as they are now in their best attire, they think they are very fine.

But we may turn to others nearer home. Look, again, at that May-day procession. See those human beings, three-fourths dirty and one-fourth clean, adorned with various colours, all bedizened with gilt and tinsel, dancing about the green, which is borne

wherever they go: they also think they are very fine.

And often we may observe others, whose gaudy hues and ill-assorted clothes show that the same feeling is at work. It may be, that so glaring is their attire, that the passers by cannot fail to notice them, while each one says to himself as he turns away, "They think they are very fine."

And they *only* think so; all who judge wisely hold a very different opinion. Nor is this all; the lovers of finery are not only despised by others, but they are often in danger of great evils. It has frequently appeared that the young have committed theft to gratify their passion for fine clothes, and from the same feeling, crimes have been perpetrated which have been punished with death. And when these evils do not arise, others may. "Buy what you do not want," says the proverb, "and you will soon have to sell what you cannot spare." When one young person complained to another that her money went too fast, while her friend, receiving less money, always had more, the latter replied, "I make it a rule never to spend anything in 'tis but's." On the

meaning of this phrase being asked, the reply was, "I constantly hear people say, 'I should like this and that, '*'tis but* threepence,' or '*'tis but* fourpence,' or '*'tis but* sixpence,' and thus their money oozes away in drops. Never spend your money in '*'tis but*!'"

Wise and kind parents will dress their children not finely, but well. They will give them light clothes in summer, and nice thick warm ones in winter. The attire of children, too, will be according to their station in life. They will be taught that finery is not comfort or respectability; it is often the contrary of both; and that clothes of good materials, and simple in their shape, are always becoming. When the celebrated Dr. Franklin was in France, his daughter, who was in America, wrote to him for feathers and lace; he replied, that "if she wore her ruffles as long as he wore his, she would have lace, and that she might obtain feathers from any fine bird on which she could lay her hands." I should be surprised if she ever asked for them again.

Think, then, my young friends, rightly of dress; whence indeed are the costliest garments obtained? From the plumage of

birds, the skins of animals, the products of insects; even dust and pebbles contribute to adorn them. How absurd is pride in dress!

Think, too, that no clothes, however fine, can improve the mind or heart of the wearer. Put a purple robe on an ignorant youth, place a diamond necklace on an ill-tempered girl, and they will remain just what they were.

Think, also, of the solemn fact of which all dress is a memorial: but for sin, it would never have covered the limbs, or occupied for a moment the attention of the mind; and sin is our shame.



## TRY !

---

Little folks may have troubles, and great they may seem  
To those who will only recount them ;  
But the greatest may vanish away like a dream,  
If only you *try* to surmount them.

Put forth your whole mind, and you'll quickly perceive,  
While youth yet exults in its prime,  
That what you call wonders e'en you may achieve,  
By trying one thing at a time.

ONE day a little boy was learning to write ;  
he had surmounted the difficulty of straight  
strokes—for difficult they are at first—and  
a harder copy was set. The child looked  
at it again and again, but at the sight he  
was greatly disheartened ; it seemed impos-  
sible that he could form such lines, and

bursting into tears, he said, "I cannot do it."

His judicious and kind friend and tutor did not chide him, but taking him by the hand, soothed his troubled spirit, and said: "The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly shiver and shrink at the sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibilities they fear:—TRY!" The pupil returned to his task with new confidence; the trifling difficulty he felt was soon overcome; but the lesson he had received was a lesson for life. Often did he relate this incident with interest. "Try," was constantly his motto, and he urged others also to make it theirs.

To show what regard to it will do, let us look at Mr. Moffat, the African missionary. A long journey was determined on as very desirable, but, alas! there was only one wagon, and that he says, "was a cripple;" what was to be done? No smiths nor carpenters were to be found in that desert, and the missionary had not been used to work at the bench or the anvil;—but I will let him tell his own tale. "After ruminating for a day or two on what I had seen in smiths

shops in Cape Town, I resolved on making a trial, and got a native bellows, made of goat's skin, to the neck end of which was attached the horn of an elk, and at the other end two parallel sticks were fastened, which were opened by the hand in drawing it back, and closed when pressed forward, but making a puffing like something broken-winded. The iron was only red-hot after a good perspiration, when I found I must give it up as a bad job, observing to the chief, if I must accompany him, it must be on the back of an ox. Reflecting again on the importance of having a wagon for the purpose of carrying food, when game happened to be killed, (for our sole dependance was on the success of hunting,) and Africaner evidently not liking, on my account, to go without a wagon, I set my brains again to work, to try and improve on the bellows—for it was wind I wanted; though I had never welded a bit of iron in my life, there was nothing like 'Try.' I engaged the chief to have two goats killed, the largest on the station, and their skins prepared entire, in the native way, till they were as soft as cloth. These skins now resembled bags, the open ends of which I nailed to the

edge of a circular piece of board, in which was a valve; one end of the machine was connected with the fire, and had a weight on it to force out the wind, when the other end was drawn out to supply more air. This apparatus was no sooner completed than it was put to the test, and the result answered satisfactorily, in a steady current of air; and soon I had all the people around me, to witness my operations with the new-fangled bellows. Here I sat receiving their praises, but heartily wishing their departure, lest they should laugh at my burning the first bit of iron I took in my hands to weld. A blue granite stone was my anvil; a clumsy pair of tongs, indicative of Vulcan's first efforts; and a hammer never intended for the work of a forge. My first essay was with some trepidation, for I did not like so many lookers-on; success, however, crowned my efforts, to the no small delight of the spectators."

John Hunter obtained great celebrity, and was the means of doing great good to multitudes, by adopting the same motto, "Try!" He often told his friends that for thirty years, summer and winter, the sun



never found him in bed. He used to say, "I never have any difficulties ; a thing either can be done, or it cannot. If it can be done, I may as well do it as another, if I will take equal pains ; if it cannot be done, I will not attempt to do it."

There was also a school-boy who ought not to be forgotten. While others were at play, he was engaged in mechanical contrivances, either imitating something he had seen, or carrying out a plan of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he learned to use with great dexterity. A windmill was being erected not far from where he lived, and he so often and attentively observed the workmen, that he became acquainted with all its machinery. He now tried to make a model of it, which was frequently placed on the top of the house, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. Not content with thus imitating the windmill, he formed the idea of driving his model by animal power, and for this purpose he shut up in it a mouse, which he called the miller, and which was made to give motion to the

machine. Some say the mouse was made to advance, by pulling a string attached to its tail; while others allege that its power was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel.

Another machine of his was a water-clock, made out of a box he had obtained from a friend; it was about four feet high, and somewhat like a common house-clock. The hand of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either rose or fell by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bedroom he supplied it every morning with the water it required, and it was used as a clock by the family. If, however, he thus occupied himself, and scarcely ever joined in the common games of his schoolfellows, he found great pleasure in improving their amusements. He taught them first how to fly paper kites, and took great pains in determining their best shapes and sizes, and the place and number of the points by which the string should be fastened. Nor was he less attentive to his young female friends; it was one of his most agreeable occupations to construct for them little

tables and cupboards, and other utensils for holding their dolls and their trinkets.

Throughout his future life, "Try" was his motto, and what was the consequence? That schoolboy became Sir Isaac Newton, whose "achievements," it has been said, "carry him forward on the stream of time with a reputation ever gathering, and the trumpet of a distinction that will never die."



## GOOD TEMPER.

---

'Tis not enough to do the thing  
That we are charged to do ;  
The *way* in which the thing is done  
Should still be kept in view.

It may be done with scowling looks,  
And words of discontent ;  
Or show, though done quite silently,  
It was not kindly meant.

But when I see a parent's will,  
Or friend's, obeyed with pleasure,  
I say, " The spirit of that child  
Will prove to it a treasure."

While every time a child gives way  
To tempers cross and sour,  
It drives all pleasure from its breast,  
And gives *them* greater power."

AN interesting account is given us of the effect of training the elephant. These animals are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the

extreme heat of the sun. They stand under this tree, and to it they are chained by their hind legs.

Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, loose themselves, and, says the narrator, "in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper." They then proceed with him to the nearest forest, and as soon as they arrive there, begin breaking down the branches of the trees, choosing those that are the most agreeable to their taste, and arranging them in two large fagots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make withes, and bind up their two fagots, and then twist another to connect the two, so that they may hang over their backs, one on each side; and having thus made their provision, they return home. The keeper may or may not be present during this time; all depends on whether the elephants are well-trained, or have been long in servitude. On their return, the elephants pass the chains round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before.

Here, then, is an instance of doing what is required, and doing it pleasantly. And in this way Uncle William wishes all his young friends to act. They will sometimes be interrupted in what they are doing, to attend to those whom it becomes them to obey ; but whenever they are, they should show no disturbance of temper, but do what is required with hearty good will. Another elephant, of which I have read, gave proof that he could do so. But first, another fact or two in reference to these creatures.

When a party of elephants have gathered in a neighbouring forest the branches of trees they require, and have returned to the tree where they are accustomed to find a shade, they amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the rest. When one of them has eaten enough, he usually chooses a long bough, and pulling off all the side branches, leaves a bush at the end, forming a sort of whisk, to keep off the flies and musquitoes, which get into the cracks and crannies of an elephant's thick hide. Sometimes he will put the end of his trunk down in the dust, draw up as much of it as he can, and turning

his trunk over his head, pour it out over skin, powdering and filling up these places. This being done, he will take the branch already described, and amuse himself by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about his body, wherever the insects may settle.

In this way an elephant was one day employed, when the keeper brought a black child, and laid it down before the animal, saying, in Hindostanee, " Watch and then walked away into the town. The elephant did not object to this interruption but immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child. Gently did he drive the little creature, driving off every insect that approached, for upwards of five hours, until the keeper returned. And if it may be asked, could he have done better?

An ape on board a vessel, of which I have read, was of a very different disposition. At sunset, when he was desirous of retiring to his quarters, he would approach his friends, uttering a peculiar chirping note, a beseeching so begging to be taken into their arms; and



THE ELEPHANT AND CHILD





request once acceded to, he clung closely to the person who took him, and any attempt to remove him was followed by violent screams. When refused or disappointed at anything, he would lie on the deck, roll about, throw his arms and legs in various directions, and dash everything aside that might be within his reach. Correction reduced him in a short time to obedience, and the violence of his temper by such means became, at length, in some degree checked.

Of all the stories I have ever read of elephants, I only remember one of ill temper. It is the following:—An army in India was ordered to march, and the elephants were called forth to carry the tents. One of them submitted for a time, and, at length, he uttered his complaints, but they were not regarded, and another tent was put upon him. He now became sulky, and when ordered to go on, he did so; but in what way? He threw his trunk in the air, shrieked his indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse's gallop, knocking down all that came in his way, and producing the greatest confusion.

I have often thought of this elephant or

the ape just referred to, when I have seen a child pouting and crying as it proceeds to do what it was told, or knocking down something that was near. Oh, what a sad creature is a cross-grained, ill-tempered, passionate child!

An elephant or an ape is, after all, an irrational creature; we may make, therefore, an excuse for a fit of disobedience: but the same cannot be made for a child in a pet. Have you ever been so? Ask God to help you to watch your spirit, that you may never be so ill-tempered again.



## GREAT DOINGS.

---

“ Make way, sir, make way, I would have you to see  
That you are not thus to trifle with me ;  
I'll show you, whenever I speak, I'll be heard,  
Nor from doing whatever I please be deterred.”

Do you hear the young boaster ? He'd soon find a cure,  
If some real evil he had to endure ;  
Were the danger but slight, such a hero would fly ;  
The brave never carry their foreheads so high.

He is just like a goat, of whom I've heard say,  
He was a great tyrant when left to his way ;  
But lay hold of his beard, and the insolent knave,  
All humbled and quaking, your pity would crave.

“ OH, dear Uncle William, how could you think of such a thing ! How can this boy, who supposes he is so great, be like the goat that was so soon humbled ? I wonder what he will say, if he hears your comparison.”

“ He will say I am right, my child, if he

learns to think justly. Now listen to the tale. There was a goat, unusually large in size, and very strong. He ought to have kept in the stable-yard, his proper place, but he mounted the walls and roofs, entered the garden, and would go where he liked. He was, too, as mischievous as he was saucy. He cropped what he should have left alone, upset pots, and glasses, and milk-pails; overturned bee-hives, and knocked down poles or ladders, and broke windows. He chased the hens, fought the dogs, and knocked down children. He might be seen stalking up and down, with all the airs of importance he could put on. But this was mere bravado. Only let some one go up to him, and take him by the beard, and he would tremble, and bleat, and lick the sides of his mouth, and be one of the veriest slaves, as he had before been one of the greatest of tyrants. Just so it is in other circumstances: those who talk most, generally do least; the braggart is always the first to fly; and hence I wish you to be as much unlike such people as possible.

I will tell you a story of such a person. He was accustomed to boast very largely of

his strength and freedom from fear, and to threaten that he would do as he pleased to all who came in his way. It happened, however, one night, that he had to pass a solitary and miry lane, in which, unless the steps were carefully taken along the narrow causeway of stone, there was danger of going up to the knees in mud or water. And as he went along, like the boy who, passing through the churchyard in the evening, whistled aloud to keep his courage up, so did he indulge in his usual boasting, doubtless for the same purpose.

He was, however, about half-a-mile distant from the village, when he heard an awful sound between a low roar and a groan, and though full six feet high, and strong also, the *brave* fellow took to his heels, and scampered away with all his might. As speedily as he could he sought refuge in a public-house by the road-side, and in a greatfright and perspiration he told all present of the dreadful noises he had heard. A lady and her maid were passing the lane at the same time; they saw the flight of this hero, but when they came up to the spot where he was so suddenly thrown into a panic, all that they could

hear was some person in the hedge laughing most outrageously. And who was this? was an old man with whom they had long been acquainted, who told them that knowing what cowards such braggarts were, and hearing this man about to pass, he got behind a bush, on purpose to put his mettle to test, that he had made all the noise which he had produced the alarm, and that never could he see any one so soon frightened or so flight of foot.

Well might he laugh at so contemptible person. True courage will not shrink from danger when it is necessary or desirable to counter it. Of this the following fact is proof. A few years ago, a flood in the A. caused great distress to many, and the keeper of a bridge and his family were exposed to imminent danger from the rising of the waters. A count passing by, offered a purse of gold to any one who would rescue the A. peasant, who had been looking on for a moment, immediately got into a boat, skillfully conducted it to the bridge, and thus saved the whole family amidst the shouts of the spectators. The count presented to the *deliverer* the purse of gold, but he at once



THE COURAGEOUS PEASANT.





declined the reward. "I will never," he said, "expose my life for money; myself, my wife, and my children live on my labour; give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

There! what say you to this? Here is true greatness of mind. The courage that could encounter danger for the sake of others, is combined with true generosity. Now, what do you suppose I should guess? You think, perhaps, that difficult to say. Well, then, I should guess that the Italian peasant who rescued that perishing family from the waters, was not used to boast. He who is prepared to do much, is generally one who says little of his own doings.

Would you like to have a similar tale? Here is one for you:—A gentleman was travelling near Philadelphia, when a little girl about two years old, who had left a small house by the road-side, was lying basking in the sun, in the middle of the road. About two hundred yards before he reached the little creature, the teams of three wagons carelessly left by their drivers while they drank at an inn, started off, and came nearly abreast, galloping down the road.

The English traveller got his gig off the road as quickly as possible, but greatly feared lest the poor child should be crushed to pieces. At this moment a young man, a carpenter, who was roofing a shed by the roadside, seeing the child, and aware of its danger, jumped from the shed, ran into the road, and snatched up the child when scarcely an inch before the hoof of the leading horse. The horse's leg actually knocked him down; but, catching the child by its clothes, he flung it out of the way of the other horses, and saved himself by rolling back with surprising agility.

The mother of the child rushed out of her dwelling, where she appeared to have been busily employed, caught up the child at this moment, hugged it in her arms, and uttering a loud shriek, dropped down as if dead. On the application of the usual means, she was, however, soon restored; and the traveller, anxious to proceed, asked the carpenter if he were related to the parents of the child. He said he was not. "Then," said the traveller, "you merit the gratitude of every father and mother in the world, and I will show you mine by giving you what I have,"

pulling out the money he had in his pocket. But what was the reply? "No, I thank you, sir; I have only done what it was my duty to do."

I cannot tell you how those words strike on my mind: "I have only done what it was my duty to do." For what does our duty include? That we should "love God with all the heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves." Had we, then, loved God supremely—had we loved others just as ourselves are loved, every moment of our lives—we should only have done that which is required of us. We could have claimed no merit then. There would not have been a single deed, or word, or thought, in which we could glory. As God is the giver of all good, we should only have surrendered to him that which was his own. But we have not done this; in every instance of failure we have sinned; who can tell, then, the number of his iniquities?

How great, then, is our need of the redemption of Christ! "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a

good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. v. 6—8. Infinitely does the salvation he has wrought surpass any other. How deep, then, should be the humility of all his disciples, though they give to him all they have, and all they are!

Well then may we say, as Thomas did, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."



## CLEANLINESS.

---

A sweep may have a dirty face,  
And dirty hands and feet ;  
His labours make them no disgrace,  
Unless, when he has left the street,  
He likes to keep them so,  
As if pure water were a foe.

Yet only toils like his can find  
Excuse for such a skin ;  
To cleanness all should be inclined  
Who wish respect to win :  
For dirty folks, we cannot doubt,  
Are wrong within, and wrong without.

ONE of the things which Uncle William cordially detests, is dirt. "And who can like it?" he hears some shrill voice ask.

"Many," he has no hesitation in answering, "many; in all countries, of all ages, and in all situations of life; ay, and not a few

of the young are among them." I will give you an instance, where, perhaps, you would little expect it to be found; it relates to Napoleon, a nephew of the late emperor of France. It was new year's day, and he had received from an affectionate relative a large present of toys; but he seemed indifferent to them, and looked out of the window. His mamma, disappointed at not seeing him so much pleased as she expected, was anxious to know the cause, when the following conversation took place.

"Are you not grateful to your grand-mamma, for having taken so much pains to procure all these pretty things?"

"Oh! yes, mamma, I am very grateful; but you know she is always so good."

"But do not all these pretty playthings amuse you?"

"Yes, mamma, but—"

"But what?"

"I want very much—something else."

"Tell me what it is; I promise it to you, my boy."

"O mamma, but you would not, I am sure."

"Is it money for the poor?"

"No; papa gave me *that* this morning, and it is already distributed—it is—"

"Come, speak out; you know how much I love you, so that you may be sure I would begin the new year with something you would like. Come, then, my dear, what is it you want?"

"Mamma, I want to walk in that pretty *mud*, which I see out of the window; that would amuse me more than anything."

Strange as you may at first think this reply to be, the feeling it manifests is often shown. I have frequently seen little boys, with nice clean frocks and trousers, walking out after there has been rain, and instead of carefully avoiding the puddles, pass through them, and even return to do so again. In like manner, little girls will also run up and down wet mounds of earth and heaps of sand; and thus mamma blames them when they reach home, and says that they are not fit to be seen.

Now, all this is what ought not to be. Look around, and you will see everywhere in nature neatness and cleanliness. Leaves are so formed as to prevent the lodgment of what would soil them, while the dry dust



which is sometimes collected is washed away by the first shower. Though plants grow from the earth, and it might cling to them in various ways; yet a dirty plant is scarcely ever seen.

Equally rare is a dirty animal. The mole and the earthworm, though living in the soil, are without a stain; and even the snail is clean. One remarkable instance of cleanliness is often before you; it appears in the domestic cat. Mark that soft-furred and sleek-looking creature, as she comes and takes her wonted place on the rug before the fire. How diligent, too, is she in cleaning the fur of the kitten, that is permitted to accompany her; and even the kitten may be observed dressing itself assiduously, as soon as it can run about!

Nestling birds show the same care. A short time after they are able to open their eyes, and before the downy covering which they wear at first is replaced by feathers, they may be seen turning round their heads, and trimming with their beaks all the bits of down and the ends of the sprouting feathers within their reach. How diligent older birds are in this respect may be easily seen.



PARENT AND NESTLING BIRDS



Nibbling every plumelet with its beak, the bird soon succeeds in restoring them to their proper place, and freeing them from whatever may cause inconvenience.

And now I think I see some of my young friends smile, and look at one another very knowingly. Ah! I know the cause: they think they have caught Uncle William out; and if they had, he would be quite ready to listen to them, and to acknowledge he was wrong, as soon as he had discovered he was, and to thank them for setting him right. He ought to do so very heartily; for they would have rendered him a real service.

But this is not the case now. I see one observing a lark in a cage rubbing his breast with great eagerness, amongst the dry mould at the side of its withered turf; and pointing to the bird, there is the notion—and one after another is receiving it—that what I have stated must be an error; but I know the fact. I know, too, that barn-door fowls, and even chickens, rub themselves in the dust; but it is from the same cleanly feeling of which I have been speaking, and is supposed to free them from the insects that annoy them.

Have you a cage-bird? If you would

keep it a long time healthy and active, cleanliness is absolutely necessary. "We love birds," you say: Bechstein remarks, "No, I reply; you love yourselves, not them, if you neglect to keep them clean."

If, then, a want of cleanliness will make you, my young friend, unlike the plants and animals around you, you should also remember that it will greatly injure your health, that most precious gift which those who lose it feel the value of every hour.

Here let me tell you something about that wonderful dwelling of the soul, which is called the body. In addition to perspiration, many ounces of matter go off from it every twenty-four hours. How, then, does it pass away? It is through the pores of the skin. Let its course be checked, and cold and inflammation ensue; and when the skin is so injured that it cannot act, death follows. How desirable is it, then, that the skin should be kept clean!

The skin, too, receives, or absorbs, as it is called, as well as carries off. Persons who have been shipwrecked, seeking the preservation of life in an open boat, and suffering greatly from thirst, have found that inward *rage* relieved, when a heavy shower has fallen

and made their clothes thoroughly wet ; the skin has, in fact, drank it in.

When, then, the body is not cleanly, it may suffer from the perspiration being checked; it may suffer also from what is left on the skin being taken up, and carried into the general circulation ; it is as if it took in poison. Can we, then, wonder that dirty people are so often unhealthy ?

Try, then, and remember these facts ; they may be of service to you through life. And while you think of outward cleanliness, forget not the unspeakable importance of inward purity ; for without holiness none shall see the Lord, Heb. xii. 14.



## ADVANTAGES OVER OTHERS.

---

Oh ! where is a land  
So favour'd as mine ?  
Then let me rejoice,  
And never repine ;  
But offer to God  
The tribute of praise  
For crowning with goodness  
My earliest days.

Lord, all that I have thou hast granted to me,  
Be it henceforth entirely devoted to thee.

SHALL Uncle William tell you a sin which he often deploras? It is *ingratitude*. When he considers the rich and varied blessings bestowed by the hand of his heavenly Father, though he is sinful and utterly unworthy of the least of them, he often laments his hard-

ness of heart. Well may he stand ashamed and confounded in the presence of that God, who "delighteth in mercy."

And now I want to ask you, my young friends, if you are free from the same evil? Do you dwell on the blessings you enjoy till your heart warms, and your eyes fill at the remembrance of the Divine goodness, and praise is ready to gush from your lips? Stop now a few moments, and do not read any more till you have given a faithful answer. Ah! you find much reason to condemn yourselves; I thought you would. Be, then, concerned to guard against ingratitude in future. Let the goodness of God daily and hourly affect your hearts.

How great are the dangers to which some are exposed! In certain parts of the East voracious animals prowl about, eagerly making human beings their prey. Military troops in India usually move with a host of camp followers, many of them having families, and these are accompanied by numbers of young children at the breast; in some parts of India, especially in Oude, all these are kept in constant alarm, by the wolves which overrun that country.



A wolf, on entering a camp or village, proceeds silently and cautiously; he prefers an infant child, and always seizes it by the throat, thus preventing it from giving an alarm, and enabling him, from the hold he takes, to bear away the infant readily. In this way he will carry it through crowds, rushing forward on the first alarm. Often, when closely pursued, especially if struck by a stick or stone, he will drop the child; but if it be not immediately taken away, the wolf will turn to the spot, and snap it up again.

When a wolf is seen by the sentinels, who dare not fire among such crowds of people, a general shout and pursuit take place; and yet the wolves are so bold, that three or four children are carried off, or, at least, seized and dropped, in one night. Many are taken from the very arms of their mothers, though covered with quilts, and surrounded perhaps by a dozen persons. So subtilely does the wolf proceed, that often a child is taken from its mother's breast, and is not missed till the morning, when the parent first becomes acquainted with her loss. The cries of the bereaved mothers

---

cannot be described; they distress the feelings of all around during the day, and at night, I suppose, destroy the rest of all who have the least pity for the sufferers.

There are perils of very different kinds to that which arises from prowling wolves. Let us look, then, at another fact. The banks of the Rhone are in most places precipitous, but the ground becoming occasionally less steep, allows the formation of soil, and when this is too steep for the husbandman, it becomes richly clad with the larch. The hardy Switzer, however, if he can plough up or delve into such a spot, eagerly seizes it, and soon makes it into a garden. In the midst of this he builds a cottage of dark red logs of larch, which have been so often admired. To connect these eagle-nest patches together, as Captain Basil Hall calls them, bridges are thrown across the ravine; and to supply the people with bread, mills are built as near as they can be to the edge of the stream. "Thus," he says, "wherever it is possible amongst the Alps for the foot of man to plant itself, little villages start up, enriched by gardens, and decked by the church steeple, which never fails to meet

the eye in a Swiss community, however small or however poor, or, I may add, however exposed it may occasionally be to the ravages of such a debacle, or mountain torrent, as swept out the poor valley of the Dranse in 1818."

This popular writer has described the results of this catastrophe, as he beheld them, and of which the following is a condensed account. Many houses had been swept away, and all that remained showed that they had been invaded by the flood, which, even where the valley was widest, had risen to the height of ten feet. Higher up, the torrent had been much deeper. All the hedges, garden walls, and other boundary lines and landmarks, were buried under one mass of substances which had been reduced to powder. In every house there lay matter several feet in thickness, through which passages were obliged to be cut along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and against which the stream was directed, there was under all a pile of large stones, then a layer of trees, *with their tattered branches lying one way,*

and their roots the other. Next came a network of timber, beams of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill-wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the torrent had first torn to pieces and then swept down the valley in one confused mass. What a melancholy picture is thus presented to the mind !

In circumstances free from such calamities as those now described, there are other and very serious evils. What ignorance and superstition prevail at this hour in many parts of the earth ! The people of Esthonia, for example, are remarkably given to the arts of magic, and every other superstition. The trees, caverns, groves, and hills, which their forefathers accounted sacred, are considered especially so among their descendants. At Easter they bring gifts of sticks, branches, and garlands, in some cases ; and meat and coins in others. They venerate certain trees as the abodes of great and powerful spirits ; and so far do they go, that they will not allow a single berry or flower to be picked which grows beneath their shade, much less a branch to be broken off from them. They

see the "kurrar," or evil spirit, at work in every nook and corner; and it is not uncommon for the whole peasantry of a village to arm themselves with scythes, flails, and whips, for the purpose of driving him out.

Many days are considered unlucky, of which Thursday is one. They never point at the moon with their finger, because if they did they say it will not hereafter turn to dust. They throw every calamity for a month to come on the moon. Nor is it among these people only that such evils prevail. Grievous superstitions are apparent in other places. And *you* might have lived in the midst of them. And though your lot is cast in England, even here, be it remembered, there are multitudes whose necessities and sufferings are very great.

In a Sunday school, opened for children in the most destitute circumstances in London, a lad was asked by a teacher where he lived, but he made no answer, and turned his head away. A little boy in the same class said that this lad lived nowhere. The teacher, surprised at such a statement, inquired what it meant, when the little boy told him that the father *and* mother of the other were dead; that no

one had taken care of him for two years; that he was accustomed to sleep under carts, or in sheds, or in a pig's-sty, which was sometimes granted him, but which could not always be allowed. The bereaved lad made no remark while this explanation was given; he stood still and wept. He was at this time nearly naked; the upper part of his body only being covered with a small piece of brown holland. Another boy here remarked, "He always comes down our street at night, and I give him a bit of my supper, or he would have none at all." "That's true," replied a third; "and, though he is so poor, he always keeps himself clean, for he goes down every morning early, and well washes himself in the Thames."

Ought not you, then, to be thankful? Thankful for your preservation from a thousand evils? Thankful for the comforts with which you are favoured? Thankful for the privileges which every day, and especially every sabbath day, brings before you? May God give to every one of you, my dear young friends, and to me also, a spirit of gratitude!

## PLAY.

---

Come, play when you play with hearty good cheer ;  
As children, you may have some fun ;  
Such gambols so pleasant and healthful appear,  
Your friends cannot wish you had none.

Should any wrong feeling arise in your breast,  
To trouble a sister or brother,  
Then let this great evil at once be repress'd,  
And prove that you love one another.

Nor ever forget that the weak and the ill  
Have to kindness and succour a claim ;  
It is thoughtless and cruel to indulge your own will,  
And always a sin and a shame.

“WHAT can be the matter now? Come, dry up your tears, and tell me what has happened.” Such are the words of many a mother, as she sees one of her children returning from the place of their usual gambols, *crying and murmuring*.

She finds from the reply, that Susan has pinched Mary, that John struck Thomas, or that little Edward was pushed down. It might be supposed, so loud is the screaming, so frequent the sobs, and so abundant the tears, that great harm had been done; and yet, after careful examination, no bruise nor scratch is found. As violent showers are soon over, so in these cases the angry feeling quickly subsides, and when the redness of the eyes is gone, no trace of the mischief remains.

It is, however, worth while for a careful parent to find out the cause of the complaint, in order to guard against its being repeated. In doing so, it will appear, perhaps, that the pain felt was owing entirely to accident, and that the little boy or girl who caused it really suffered more than the other who made so much noise. But it may have been otherwise. Some children, when offended by their playmates, pinch, or scratch, or strike, in a moment; and I have known instances when, from sudden and violent passion, anything near has been seized to increase the blow. Great mischief may thus be done, as by a heavy stone or a knife.

An ape called Ungka may suggest a lesson



worthy remembrance. In a playful manner he would roll on the deck of a ship with a child that was there, as if in a mock combat, pushing with his feet, (which had great muscular power,) entwining his long arms around her, and pretending to bite; or, seizing a rope, he would swing towards her, and, when efforts were made to seize him, would elude the grasp by swinging away; or he would, by way of changing the plan of attack, drop suddenly on her from the ropes aloft, and then engage in various playful antics. He would play in a similar manner with adults; but, finding them usually too strong and rough for him, he preferred children, giving up his games with them if any adults joined in the sports at the same time.

If, however, an attempt was made by the child to play with him, when he had no inclination, or after he had sustained some disappointment, he usually made a slight impression with his teeth on her arm, just sufficient to act as a warning, or a sharp hint that no liberties were to be taken with his person; or, as the child would say, "*Ungka no like play now.*" Not unfrequently, a

string being tied to his leg, the child would amuse herself by dragging the patient animal about the deck ; this he would good-naturedly bear for some time, thinking, perhaps, it amused his little playmate ; but finding it last longer than he expected, he became tired of that fun, in which he had no share, except in being the sufferer ; he would then make endeavours to disengage himself and retire. If he found his efforts fruitless, he would quietly walk up to the child, make an impression with his teeth, according to his treatment ; a hint which terminated the sport, and procured him his liberty.

Now, many a child may be found like Ungka. He is not inclined to play, and he is forced to do so, or he is made to play at something all the fun of which is enjoyed by his companion. And here is the cause of his being cross, and to this may be traced the blow that has been given, and which has produced such loud lamentations.

But here comes a question. My young reader, do you belong to the class of peevish and quarrelsome mortals ? When I looked at you just now, you laughed and appeared amiable, as you ought to be. But I have

found you out. No sooner did you hear the word *quarrelsome*, than the red colour rose on your cheeks, and mounted to your forehead; and who cannot understand the tale it told? Come, then, take my hand, and let us just go out of doors to see what there is to notice.

Why here, at the very door, are the kittens basking in the bright sunshine. Here is Tit lying in the iron scraper; but look, she raises her head a little, for she sees Tat gravely marching forth from under a shrub. In a moment, you see, she has sprung on her companion; over they have rolled together: how gaily they are now tapping one another! but their claws are sheathed. There, they have another hearty roll; and now Tat pursues her way, having enjoyed the sport; quite ready, doubtless, to spring on Tit, and have another game of romps the first opportunity. Cannot you learn something from them?

It is a warm spring day; let us go and observe the surface of that pond; ah! there they are; look, and you will see a number of little black, shining beetles, wheeling *round and round*, in a sort of a circle, in a



PARROTS AT PLAY.



strange variety of figures. What are they about? Seeking for prey? Oh no! Their movements are all in play. Greatly they enjoy it; but were you to watch them for hours, yet, however crowded might be the face of the pool, you would not observe one trouble another. Cannot you, then, learn something from them?

Another instance of the same kind occurs to me. Every day, at the same hour, the African damask parrots fly to the water to bathe themselves. In doing so they take much delight. As only the purest water will please them, they have often to go a great distance; yet all the flocks of the neighbourhood assemble with much activity and noise. They may then be seen rolling over each other on the banks of the water, frolicking together, dipping their heads and wings, and scattering the water over all their plumage. When this is done, they return to the trees on which they had before assembled, where they sit to adjust and trim their feathers. And cannot you learn something from them?

What a contrast is there between the movements of these little creatures and the conduct of ill-tempered turbulent children!

I have known a child say of another with whom there has been a quarrel: "I know he *hates* me—I know she *hates* me." And yet the accused knew nothing of such a feeling, while it prevailed in the bosom of the accuser.

Uncle William has seen much of men and things in the course of his life, and he is obliged to confess, though he does it with pain, that the feeling of tender regard for others, which he wishes were universal, is still rare, very rare. Unhappily, children often tease and torment one another. One perhaps is irritable, or awkward, or personally deformed, and the rest, instead of cherishing pity, manifest unkindness, and often cruelty. It ought to be otherwise; if there is one of the family who suffers in any way, the rest should suffer with it. I could press to my "heart of hearts," the brothers or the sisters who would try to the uttermost to aid or amuse such a one. I love—yes, dearly do I love, the child that gives up his play-time to talk to and read with a little invalid, shut up in his chamber, or compelled to lie, hour after hour, on his couch.

Happy would it be if children acted as

Dr. Watts has taught them to do, when he said :—

“ I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended,  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.”

That would indeed be wisdom. An excellent man, who is now in heaven, said to a friend of mine, after being absent from his native land many years, “ That verse has carried me round the world.” Always remember it, then, my young friend, and if you do, I can foretell one thing without fear of failure ; that, while you thus give much more pleasure to others, you will have much more pleasure than others.





## RIGHT WORDS.

---

How often a child has in fretfulness said,  
    " I am sure it has *always* been so !"  
As if there were stored, in its own little head,  
    What happen'd some ages ago.  
Suppose that some one, in the darkness of night,  
    Were close to his bedside to creep,  
I ask, would he think it quite proper or right,  
    To say " he is always *asleep* ?"  
Then use the best word you can possibly find,  
    To convey what's precisely the case ;  
Or else, by loose talking, you'll injure your mind,  
    And incur both distress and disgrace.

It has been said, that the tongue would not have had the double fence of the teeth and the lips, except to guard against its moving too nimbly ; and truly it needs much control. Some persons are fond of



THE EMU.



employing strong words, and in this they err. One of these is, "always;" let us see, then, how it should be used. A pair of emus were at the Zoological Society's farm near Kingston. The female at different times dropped nine eggs in various places in the pen in which she was confined. Of these the male took care, rolling them along gently and carefully with his beak, and then sitting upon them himself. He did so for nine weeks, during which time he was never observed to leave the nest, nor did the female ever take his place. She appeared to be equally indifferent when the young were hatched; he alone took care of them. Now, some would say, "Oh, then, the male emus *always* hatch and bring up the young." But this would not be right, for a female emu at Chiswick laid some eggs; there was no male bird, and she collected them together, and sat on them herself.

I have taken "always" only as a specimen of strong words, which ought never to be used except when truth requires them to be uttered. How often have I heard young persons say they were "delighted," when they felt little or no pleasure; and that they were "very sorry," when they had not felt the

slightest pain! Frequently do they use the words "great" and "splendid," when the objects they describe warrant no such expression. Other things are with them "wretched" and "contemptible," which ought to be considered far otherwise. And many a declaration about "hundreds" or "thousands" of people, if examined, would be found to apply only to a score, or probably half that number.

It would seem strange, were a nobleman to wear a splendid court dress when he rode on horseback through the streets, or an architect to place large columns in every room of a house, or a painter to use his deepest colours in every part of his picture; and yet equally out of place are these strong words in the greater number of cases in which they are used.

A little boy, who, I believe, was not more than four years of age, showed that he felt the importance of what I am now urging on all my young friends to whom this book will come. His father had been taking a walk one morning, when he found there was a small hole in one of his black silk stockings, *which he was wearing over others of white*

cotton. On papa's return home, mamma was engaged in mending this hole, when William entered the room, and ascertaining what had happened, asked if papa had taken his walk with the hole in his stocking. "I suppose," said mamma, "you would have been very much delighted if he had." "No, mamma," said William, "not delighted, only diverted." And when mamma asked what difference he could find between delighted and diverted, he replied, "We say delighted, mamma, when something pleases us very much; we say diverted when it is something very funny."

All words that are courteous are plenteous and cheap,  
As any the lips can express;  
Then let me refuse not this pleasure to reap;  
Nor suffer the shame and distress,  
Of being uncivil, unkind, and ungrateful,  
Giving strength to the feelings which ought to be hateful.

An eminent man, whom I have often seen, and who died not long since, was, when a child, seized by a profligate fellow, who held him over a parapet of the bridge where the river Dove is deep, profanely declaring that if the child did not utter what was very wrong, he would drop him into the water. What was his reply? "Never! you may

kill me if you choose, but I never will." The man held him for several minutes, continuing his threat; but finding it vain, he let him go without injury, while he must have had the approval of his conscience for firmly resisting what he knew to be sinful.

Into the use of the tongue, be it remembered, the eternal Judge will one day strictly inquire. With God nothing is great, nothing is little; so that, when we stand at his dread tribunal, he will clearly recollect all the words we ever uttered, and we shall remember them too. Let us speak now as we shall then wish we had spoken.



## ATTENTION TO OTHERS.

---

If you're without pity, then do not complain,  
If left all alone in your sorrow ;  
Or if you ask help, your plea may be vain,  
If you lend not, but only can borrow.  
First ask, "Would I do it?" if so, you may go,  
And look for the aid of another ;  
But if not, and your only reply should be "No,"  
Blame yourself; there is none for your brother.  
Say not "It's unkind," or an "ill-natured whim,"  
You should only ask what you would freely grant him.

A GENTLEMAN was visiting the house of a lady, and when he went away, her little daughter opened the door to let him out. "I wish you a better office, my dear," he said, "Yes sir," was the reply, "to let you in!" Can you have any doubt that she was a kind and well-behaved little girl?



I was once walking in a garden with a little boy, who was showing me the parts of it allotted to himself and his two brothers. As I passed on, I stooped to gather some currants from a bush, but he asked me not to do so. "Those," he said, "belong to Frederick, and these to Charles, who are now from home, and I should like them to have the fruit when they return; but here, you see, mine are quite ripe; please to take some of these." This was truly gratifying, and I loved that little boy more dearly for his thoughtfulness.

His request reminded me of a pleasing circumstance. A very poor and aged man was busy in planting and grafting an apple tree, when some one rudely asked, "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" With great calmness he raised himself up, and, leaning on his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone." I should think that the old man had once been a kind little boy.

In other cases a similar feeling appears. A

horse happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of its owner put the animal into the pound, and soon after meeting him, he told him what he had done, and added, 'And next time I catch him in the road, I will do so again.' "Neighbour," replied the owner of the horse, "I looked out of my window in the night, not long since, and saw your cattle in my meadows, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and next time they stray in this manner, I will do so again." Struck with a reply so truly Christian, the man liberated the horse, and paid the charges himself.

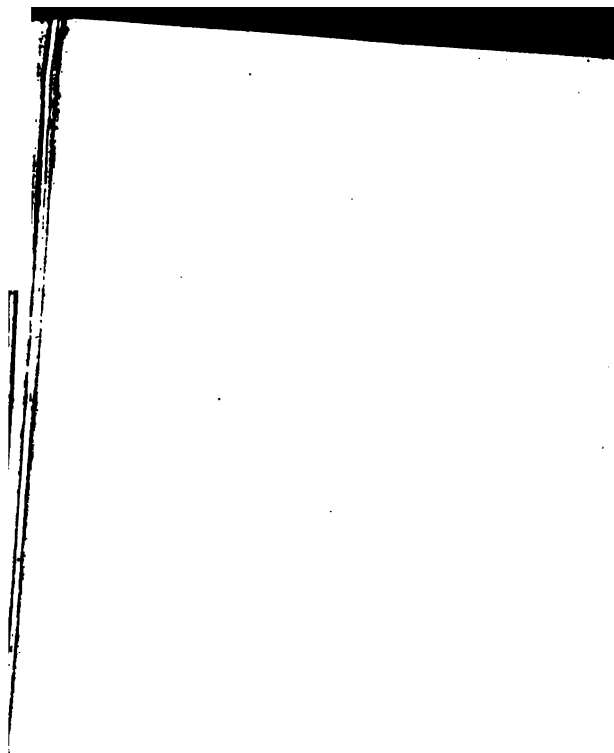
During a war in Germany, which I well remember, some soldiers in a foraging party called at the house of a venerable man, demanding aid. He led them forth, and on arriving at a field of fine corn, they said, "This will do;" but he begged them to proceed a little further: having done so, he pointed to a field, which he said was quite at their service. The soldiers observing that this was inferior to the last, thought that the aged man was cunningly passing off what was inferior on them, and hastily demanded the reason he did not let them take the former. His reply

was a noble one : " That field was my neighbour's ; this is my own."

Another fact is equally deserving remembrance. Captain, afterwards Sir David Baird, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ally, a great Indian chief, was, with other British officers, thrown into prison. The wounds he had received were not merely unhealed, but in a state which threatened mortification, and his general health was rapidly declining. When he and his companions had languished some time in confinement, one of Ally's officers appeared, bearing with him fetters weighing nine pounds each, which were intended for the unhappy prisoners. To resist was useless ; they therefore submitted. On the officer coming to the captain, one of his companions sprang forward, and urged the cruelty of fettering limbs still festering with wounds, from one of which a ball had been recently extracted, and stated that death was likely to follow such treatment. The reply was, " that as many fetters had been sent as there were prisoners, and that they must all be put on ;" then said the noble advocate of his wounded friend, " Put a double pair on me, so that Captain Baird may be spared wearing them."



CAPTAIN BAIRD A PRISONER.



This moved the officer, a delay arose, the irons were dispensed with, and the captive in the dungeon of Seringapatam was spared to become its conqueror, and, for a time, its master.

I will give you now a different case. Sir Walter Scott told it to a friend. There was a boy in his class at school, who always stood at the top, nor could the utmost efforts of young Scott displace him. At length he observed, when a question was asked this boy, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat; and the removal of this was, therefore, determined. The plot was executed, and succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it could not be found. In his distress he looked down for it, but it was not to be seen. He stood confounded, and Scott took possession of his place, which he never recovered. The wrong thus done was, however, attended, as it always must be, with pain. "Often," said Scott, "in after life the sight of him smote me." Heartily did he wish that this unkind act had never been done.

Let it be constantly remembered, that we are not left to act as we please;—the rule is of the highest authority: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,” Matt. vii. 12. “If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also,” 1 John iv. 20, 21.









2020.01.01

